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THE

“SONG OF SONGS,”

PREFACE.
SPIRITUALLY CONTEMPLATED

AS A SACRED DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH,

AND BRIEFLY RENDERED INTO VERSE.

The following attempt was occasioned by the Author's wish
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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

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THE

STRONGHOLD OF BIGOTRY;

A POETIC VISION.

LONDON:

PARTRIDGE & OAKEY, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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Annex

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"SONG OF SONGS"

REPRINTED FROM THE

AS A SECOND DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

AND BEING REPRINTED INTO VOLUME

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE

STRONGHOLD OF BIGOTRY

A POETIC VISION.

LONDON:

PARTIDGE & OAKLEY, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

ERRATA.

p. 32, l. 2, for dividedst, read metedst.

p. 49, l. 7, for On, read O'er.

PREFACE.

The following attempt was occasioned by the Author's wish to read that portion of Sacred Scripture which he has selected, with some degree of spiritual profit. For this purpose, it occurred to him, that a brief and obvious paraphrase in simple verse, would both assist the memory, and furnish hints for a more ample and expanded contemplation on the endearing and important truths which are couched in the Sacred Allegory. Various and dissimilar have been the spiritual interpretations of this divine book among the most learned and conscientious commentators ; from whence it would seem not improbable, that the Holy Spirit may have left it without any *certain* clue, or fixed standard of the *sacred* sense in *detail*, in order to bring our spiritual faculties into salutary exercise—for it seems to be of comparatively small importance, what *particular* spiritual meaning is attached to some of its lively and beautiful imagery, so that the infinite, eternal, sovereign love of Christ to his Church, and her unworthiness, dependance, obligations, and consequent gratitude and responded affection, with all their blessed results

in the experience and practice of each individual Believer, are kept in view.*

It may perhaps be alleged by some readers of the following pages, that a theme which is so little studied, and so seldom handled, and which has been so profanely abused, had better have remained, on the *present* occasion, within its hallowed shrine, unexplored ; but, so long as it continues an acknowledged and integral portion of "the Lively Oracles," it is highly important not to reduce it in any sense to a "dead letter." The Author of the humble essay here presented, is among the number of those who, for many years, refrained from reading the original. The numerous and lengthy commentaries, however excellent, he found were too burdensome and distracting for his memory ; and the pleasure and benefit which he has derived from his more concise and condensed method, induces him to hope, that his little manuel may possibly be acceptable to many

* "The variety of attempts which have been made to bring out by different methods, the stores of Divine Poetry, is very pleasing. A metrical version affords many opportunities of preserving the force of the eastern poetry, beyond what can be done in a *literal* form in prose: the metaphor, and the thing conveyed by it, may be often combined in verse, in a way they could not be in prose. Where fidelity is the first and great object, and by acquaintance with Holy Scripture a writer has become in some degree imbued with its spirit, and familiarized with its mode of thought and expression, the very power of verse may afford him the most apt vehicle for conveying it. There are occasions when plain words are in a manner inadequate to support a suitable tone and spirit in a feeble language, without this assistance. As music may convey impressions and thoughts beyond the reach of words, so may words in verse oftentimes, beyond the power of prose. In many instances Virgil preserves the strength and beauty of Homer, by the pauses and rythm of his verse, beyond the force of any mere language of unassisted prose." [*British Critic.*]

of his christian brethren.*

One rather formidable objection, indeed, to its *publication*, especially in a *poetic* form, remains to be obviated :—its apparent competition with the well known version of the accomplished and pious *Mrs. Rowe*. It will be seen, perhaps but too plainly, that no advantage has been taken of that lady's elegant model. Indeed, after many years of almost oblivious intermission, a re-perusal was purposely abstained from, in order to work out the thoughts and style of the present essay, however inferior, with perfect freedom, and to obviate all invidious comparison with so celebrated a rival. It has, however, been thought by some of her most judicious and christian critics, that her glowing amplifications and rapturous flights, are, for a *spiritual* paraphrase, too much tinctured with the language of human passion ; and that a feminine langour occasionally weakens the required energy of her verse ;—blemishes, which, with a *masculine* pen, and such a concise and energetic original, it is no great merit to avoid.

In the following version, the imagery has been closely interwoven with the paraphrase ; the addition of crowded *Notes* purposely avoided ; and, in order to preserve the mind of the Author free from all theoretical bias, no commentary was *previously* consulted. He has, however, the satisfaction to find, on a *subsequent* reference to such authorities, that his general tone

* "A metrical version of Sacred Song, clothes the words of the original for our use in a way to *explain themselves*; and as in some respects it supersedes, so it does in others surpass a prose commentary: for that is consulted and set aside: whereas this dwells on the heart and ear." [*British Critic*.]

of interpretation is desirably accordant.—The present essay therefore stands on an original basis ; and, committing it to the divine blessing, and the reader's candour, it is unanxiously left to await its award.*

The Reader will derive great advantage in consulting, at large, the *numeral references* in the *side margins*.

* Spenser, the Author of *The Faerie Queene*, versified the whole of *Solomon's Song*; but there is no extant copy of his version;—a pretty strong indication (though its loss is to be regretted) that *elegant* as it must have been, it was deficient in some quality of popular attraction.

Michael Drayton has also versified some portions of that sacred book ; but he confines himself to the *literal* text.

THE
SONG OF SONGS;
A
SACRED DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

The Church's love to Christ.

Rev. i. 5, 6. Greet me, ALL FAITHFUL, with a pledge of love
From thine own lips ;—be such sweet intercourse
My daily joy : for thine unchanging love
Thus plighted, far excels the choicest wine.—

Psaln lxiii. 1—4. Past tokens of thy grace engage my heart
Ardent again to crave that vital cheer.
The unction of thy Name—EMMANUEL—
Renown'd through heav'n and earth, gently distils
Prov. xxvii, 9. Like precious ointment, on each favour'd soul ;
Therefore the godly—virgin pure in heart—

She confesseth her deformity.

My choice companions, love thee fervently.*

2 Cor. v. 14.
John vi. 44.
xii. 32.

Draw me by thy constraining grace from sin,

My soul's detested tyranny; and swift

As to her faithful mate the fleet-wing'd dove,

I, and my kindred saints, will follow thee.

The KING OF ZION, from my vile abode

Of misery and guilt, hath brought my soul

Eph. ii. 6. Into his chambers—Purity and Bliss.

The CHURCH and BELIEVERS.

We will rejoice in Thee.—Thy tasted love

Leaves a rich savour, as of costliest wine.—

Thy Saints—thy Chosen, love thee fervently.

The CHURCH.

I'm black, yet comely—(Witness this strange truth

To the *false* brethren, O ye saints of ZION.)

Psaln cxx. 5. Black with sin's loathsome taint, as KEDAR's tents;

Yet comely in my Lord's imparted grace,

* Marginal reading.—*They love thee uprightly.*

Prayeth to be directed to His flock.

As SOLOMON'S fair shrine.

Look not on me,

O ye profanely proud ;—Look not on me

With scorn, though black as with the sun's fierce brand,

Nor persecution add to conscious shame.

—My carnal brethren taunted me—Would set me,

Prov. xxiv. 30. For guard and culture, o'er *their* weed-chok'd vineyards

Of Idol-faith, and drudging Superstition,

Isaiah v. 1—7. Whilst foul neglect, alas ! disgrac'd *my own* !

Thus sore beset, I seek, my Lord, to thee—

Tell—tell me (O my soul's supreme delight)

Isaiah xl. 11. Where thou dost pasture and repose thy flock
Ezek. xxxiv. 15.
xxxvi. 37, 38.

With godly counsel, and o'ershadowing peace,

In fierce temptation's noontide heat ? For, why

'Midst thine ungodly rivals—aliens—false,

Gen. xxxviii. 14. Like a veil'd stranger* should I turn aside
Ruth iii. 15.

Incontinent, at each seductive lure,

* Margin.—*Harlot.*

Christ directeth her to the Shepherds' tents.—Sheweth his love to her.

Psalm xlii. 2. From *thy* lov'd presence with thy folded sheep?

CHRIST.

If thou know not (O thou supremely fair !)
Go, trace the footsteps of my gentle flock,
In each divinely-suited ordinance,

Psalm xlii. 2. And feed thy tender charge—thy babes in grace,
Isa. xl. 11.

Acts xx. 28. Beside the tents where my *true* shepherds dwell.
1 Peter v. 2.

O thou, my soul's chief joy ! Fam'd is thy bright
Majestic beauty, where a numerous train
Of Gifts Divine, meet, like the noble steeds
In PHARAOH's stately chariots. Thy fair face
Beams comely with that "jewel of great price,"

1 Peter iii. 4. "A meek and quiet spirit." Link'd around
Thy neck of polish'd grace, each virtue shines
Like chains of purest gold. WE, thine ELOHIM,
Yea, thine in changeless covenant, will complete
Thy bright adornment with a spotless Robe—

Isaiah lxi. 10. (The Robe of perfect *Righteousness Divine*)

Giveth her gracious Promises.

Ezek. xvi. 11-14. Gold-hemm'd, and starr'd with silver.

THE CHURCH.

Whilst the KING

Sits at his feast of love, my soul ascends
Like spikenard-incense, to the sacred joys
Of sweet communion, rapt in prayer and praise.

Psalm xlv. 8. My well belov'd is as clust'ring myrrh
To my faint spirit. Through each dreary night
Of restless grief, I'll clasp him to my heart.
Yea, my belov'd, (O, transcending grace!)
Cheers me with precious Promises,—a balm
Divine—like bundles of sweet camphire, pluck'd
Fresh from EN-GEDI'S* vineyards.

CHRIST.

—Thou dear companion of my sacred joys!—
Lo! thou art fair, my love! yea, passing fair!—
Thy black reproachful stain, by my free grace

* EN-GEDI.—*A celebrated spot in Solomon's time, and abounding in great variety of the richest fruits and spices.*

The Church and Christ congratulate on another.

Is wash'd away.—True mirrors of thy heart,
(To lowliest self-esteem divinely wrought)
Meek are thine eyes, like doves'!

THE CHURCH.

Thou art all fair,

My best-belov'd!—Eternal, underiv'd,
All-perfect!—Yea, all-precious thou to me,
As I to thee, though deck'd in *borrow'd* beauty.
—Thus mutually endear'd, in perfect peace,
As in some ever-verdant mead, we rest.
Firm, as with ever-during cedar beam'd—

Eph. ii. 21. A living, holy temple, fitly fram'd—

Stands our blest mansion; and, in lofty range,
Our heav'n-cop'd galleries of divine delight,
Time-proof, and pillar'd as with stately fir.

CHRIST.

I am the Rose of heav'nly SHARON'S* field,

* SHARON.—*His plain, or field.*

The mutual love of Christ and His Church.

Where in supremest sov'reignty I reign :

But in my nether world of Grace, am known

The meekly-fashion'd Lily of the vale.

And *thou*, my soul's delight, *thus* one with *me*,

As 'midst rude thorns the graceful lily blooms,

Phil. ii. 15. All proud presumptuous rivals dost transcend.

The CHURCH.

As 'mid the fruitless forest brightly glows

Th' alluring apple, my belov'd shines

All creature-worth to nought. With great delight

I sat beneath his shade. Fresh vigour there

Imbib'd ; afflictions, cares, temptations, griefs,

Were banish'd or subdued.—His vital fruit,

Hosea xiv. 8. Heart-holiness, was my most sweet repast.

Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

He brought me into his rich banquet-house

Of gospel privilege, and sacred joy.—

John xv. 9, 10. His banner over me was LOVE. Sustain me

With cordial flagons of celestial wine—

Thy soul-reviving Promises.—O, comfort me

The hope, and calling of the Church.

With fruits in foretaste of immortal glory,
 Fresh from the tree of life : for my faint soul
 Pines with intense desire.—He comes ! He comes !—
 His left hand, soother of each earthly care,
 Pillows my drooping head. His right hand, pledge
 Of heav'n, enfolds me in a blest embrace.

I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem,
 Who coldly may misdeem my fervent love ;
 I charge you, by the gentle roes and hindes—
 By those inferior joys *ye* fondly prize—
 Wake not my Lord from this our sacred rest,
 Till He, O mournful hour ! himself withdraw.

* * * * *

The voice of my beloved !—See ! He comes,
 Leaping o'er all my mountain-heap of sin ;—
 Long absent, more endear'd.—Swift to my aid,
 As the young fleet-spæd hart, and bounding roe,
 Comes my beloved Lord.—Behold, ev'n now

Christ's care of the Church.

1 Cor. iii. 9. He stands behind our ZION's lowly wall:—

Sun of my soul ! He through the lattice looks

Luke xxiv. 35. Of each clear truth, and lucid ordinance.

Anon, (O wondrous plenitude of grace !)

To sweet companionship, and nobler joys,

He calls me forth. "Rise up, my best lov'd,

"My fair one !—Come away !—Forget thy long

"Drear winter of desertion :—Lo, 'tis gone !

Psalms xxx. 5. "The rain,—thy tearful grief for sin, is past :

"Fresh-flow'ring graces deck thee gloriously :

"Praises, long mute, like joyous birds break forth ;

"And oft the Sacred SPIRIT's dove-like voice

"Delights our happy land. The fig, yet green,

"The tender grape's prime odour, fitly note

"Each promise-fruit of grace. Arise, my love,

"Fair partner of my joys, and come away !

"O, my chaste dove, whose lone retreat is oft

"The rocky cleft—the steep, rough, mountain lodge

"Of desolate distress ; let me behold

The Church professeth her faith and hope.

“Thy joy-lit countenance, and hear again

“Thy cheerful voice: for, welcome is thy voice

“Of prayer and grateful praise; and sweet to me

Proverbs xv. 8. “Thy countenance of joy.”
Rev. v. 8.

O ye, who watch

Within my chosen vineyard, seize—promptly seize

And cast out, ev’ry crafty wile, of false

And fox-like teachers, who, by treach’rous guile,

And dark, insidious error, spoil our vines—

Ezek. xiii. 4, 5. Our tender plants of grace.

THE CHURCH.

Pledg’d, heart to heart,

1 Cor. iii. 23. My best-belov’d is mine, and I am His,

In covenant endearment: Yea, He feasts

Among his Saints, heart-pure like spotless lilies.

—Return then, my belov’d.—Till those shades,

Soul-dark’ning ignorance, corruption, sin,

2 Peter i. 19. Distress, all flee before thy gospel-day—

O, haste thee, as the hart, or lightsome roe,

The Church's flight, and victory in temptation.

O'er BETHER's barrier-mountain.*

* * * * *

On my lone bed

Of dark desertion, HIM, my soul's chaste love,

Isaiah xxvi. 9. Oft I invok'd.—In agonizing prayer

I sought, but found him not.—“Now will I rise:—

“Importunately bold I'll range the streets,

“The highways of our ZION. Wheresoe'er

“His sainted throngs assemble, *there* I'll seek

“My soul's ador'd EMMANUEL.”—I sought him,

Job xxlii. 8, 9. But still (O, bitter anguish !) found him not.—

Ezek. iii. 17. —Our hallow'd City's pastor-guardians met me :

“Tell—tell me” (I implor'd) “Say—have you seen

“My soul's supreme desire?”—Scarce had I spoke,

When, lo ! transporting joy ! I found—I clasp'd—

Jer. xxix. 12, 13. I held, the best-belov'd of my soul ;
Gen. xxii. 26.

Nor lax'd my strict embrace, till to my blest

* BETHER.—*Mountain of division.*

Believers glory in Christ.

Maternal SALEM, chamber'd in full peace,
 Exultingly I brought him.—Thus repos'd,
 I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem,
 Who my rapt fervour coldly may misdeem,
 I charge you, by the gentle roes and hindes—
 By all the fond endearments that *ye* prize—
 Wake not my Lord from this our sacred rest,
 Till He, (O, mournful hour !) *himself* withdraw.

* * * * *

Company of BELIEVERS.

What glorious form is this, who, from the world's
 Waste-howling wilderness comes forth, enshrin'd
 Majestic, in his own transcendant grace,
 Like pillar'd clouds of incense? Lo, his rest
 With souls redeem'd, is as the peaceful reign
 Of SOLOMON.*—Theirs is a trustful guard,

2 Kings vi. 17. Encompassing the camp of his elect
 Hebrews i. 7.

* SOLOMON.—*Peace.*

Believers glory in Christ.

Like ISRAEL's valiant hosts.—Expert in war
 With heav'n's sworn foes, each, deadly-weapon'd, grasps

Psalms xlv. 3. In his thrice-valiant hand, and on his thigh
 Girds, flaming, his dread sword, to ward away

Hebrews i. 14. The gathering terrors of hell-haunted night.
 Isaiah xxvii. 3.

Yea, the GREAT KING OF SALEM, to their aid
 Descending, to himself a chariot fram'd
 For war and triumph—of *Eternal Truth*
 Like time-proof cedar, wrought: *Justice*, more pure
 Than well-tried silver, is its pillar'd strength:
Judgment, its golden footstool. With a pall
 Blood-stain'd, 'tis mantled o'er, and pav'd with LOVE.
 —Such guardian potency his saints preserves!

The CHURCH.

Go forth with joy, ye ransom'd, and behold
 On your great Sovereign's head the bridal crown
 Like a fond mother's gift, on that blest day

Isaiah lxii. 5. Which gave his CHURCH, heart-glad to his espousals.
 John iii. 29.
 Rev. xxi. 9.

Christ sheweth forth the graces of His Church.

CHRIST.

Ezek. xvi. 14. Lo, thou art fair, my love ! yea, passing fair !

Meek are thine eyes, like doves' within thy locks :—

Thy graceful locks of orderly discretion

GILEAD's fair goats' outshine. Thy teeth, pure test

Of heav'nly food, unflesh'd with cruel rage,

Are like the careful shepherd's folded flock

New shorn, new wash'd, pure, even, twinn'd, and rang'd

In perfect symmetry. No barren grace,

No sullied truth are thine. Like two bright threads

Of scarlet, glow thy lips of comely speech,

Prov. xxxi. 36. With meekness fraught, and fervent charity.
Col. iv. 5.

Thy brow of peace, shaded within thy locks,

Like the leaf-veil'd pomegranate chastely shines.

Thy stately neck is gemm'd with ev'ry virtue—

A guard divine—like DAVID's tower of strength

Hung round with ample stores of heart-defence,

Bucklers and shields, to keep his foes in awe.

Isaiah lxxvi. 11. Thy "breasts of consolation"—they are like

He sheweth His love to her.

Two gentle, innocent, twin-mated roes

Prov. v. 19. That feed among the lilies.

Yet, if thou lapse

Awhile from me, I leave thee, till thy dawn

Of sweet responsive ardour shall awake.—

Till thy deep shades of langour flee away,

The spicy mount of myrrh and frankincense

Hosea v. 15. (That prayerful clime) shall be my blest abode.

—But not the less art thou endear'd to me—

Still, (view'd in my regenerating graces)

Ephes. v. 27. Thou art all fair, my love, yea spotless fair.

My beauteous CHURCH, my ever-welcome spouse,

O come to me, with thine, from LEBANON;

From fragrant LEBANON.*—From the truth-nam'd height

Deut. iii. 9. Of fair AMANA;† SHENIR's‡ beacon-brow;

Deut. iii. 8, 9. And stern-cliff'd HERMON.§—From the lion-den

Of foes who lurk within; or prowl, as o'er

* LEBANON.—*Incense.*

† AMANA.—*Integrity, Truth.*

‡ SHENIR.—*Light.*

§ HERMON.—*Destruction.*

He sheweth His love to her, and commendeth her graces.

The leopard's mountain haunts.

My gentle spouse,

My sister, thou hast ravish'd my true heart :

My soul's delight hath ravish'd my true heart,

Matt. vi. 22. Yea, with a single eye—one glance of love,

Each shining grace that twines around thy neck.

—Thus passing fair, thus precious, is thy love,

My sister-spouse ; better than choicest wine.

Not groves of fragrant spices can compare

With the rich unction of thy goodly fame.

—Sweet counsel (O my spouse) thy lips distil—

Like the' honey-comb's rich store.—Under thy tongue

1 Peter ii. 2. Pure milk and honey—sweet instructive truth

And loving-kindness dwell ; while copiously

Thy garments—outward virtues—shed abroad

Psalms xlv. 8. A thousand sweets like LEBANON.

A garden,

Fenc'd round with jealous care from treach'rous friends

He sheweth his love to her.

And godless ravagers : A spring shut up,
A fountain seal'd—secure from ev'ry taint
Of foul reproach—is my chaste sister-spouse.
Thy plants of grace, rear'd for the heav'nly clime,
Thrive like the rich pomegranate, or choice fruits
That crown the fragrant orchard ;—spices, fraught
With ever-varying, intermingled sweets—
Camphire with spikenard : spikenard with cheering
[saffron,
Calamus, cinnamon ; with goodliest trees
Of frankincense, myrrh, aloes—all chief plants
For med'cine and delight :—yea, thy pure love
Flows like a garden fount, copious, and clear ;
And soul-refreshing as a crystal well
Of living waters, or perennial streams
From sacred LEBANON.

The CHURCH.

Wake, O north wind !

O, come, thou balmy-breathing south, and blow

Christ awaketh the Church with his calling.

With vital energy on my fair field,
 And all my fragrant graces waft abroad:—
 Then let my soul's delight come to his garden,
 (For ev'ry plant of grace *his* hand hath rear'd)
 And richly feast upon his pleasant fruits.

CHRIST.

I come, (thy welcome guest) my spouse, my sister:—
 I come to my fair garden.—I have cull'd
 My myrrh, my spice;—my honeycomb I've eaten
 With my choice honey: I have drunk my wine
 Heart-cheerful, with my milk.—Eat, O my friends;
 Yea drink abundantly, my well-belov'd.

Isalah lv. 1, 2.
 Rev. xxii. 17.

The CHURCH.

Sleep dulls my active pow'rs, but my true heart
 Wakes watchfully:—'Tis He!—his well-known voice!
 The voice of my belov'd!—At my heart
 He knocks importunate, and gently chides
 My langour,—“Open to me, my undefil'd;
 “My love, my dove, my sister; for my head

Rev. iii. 20.

The Church's sinful langour, and her remorse.

"Is fill'd with chilling dew ; my locks are steep'd

"In tear-drops of the night ; the dreary night

"Of thy unkind relapse."

Alas ! my Lord,

Stript of my comeliest robe, how shall I *now*

Essay to put it on ? I've wash'd my feet,

Weary with earthly toils ; how shall I then

Defile them ?

My belov'd thus repuls'd,

His hand withdrew from the clos'd door : my heart

Relented, and my bowels yearn'd for him.

In haste I rose to welcome my belov'd ;

My eager hand dropp'd myrrh :—On the clos'd lock

My fingers shed sweet-smelling myrrh. All joy,

I open'd to my best belov'd ; but, lo !

(Death to my peace !) my heart's supreme delight

Had suddenly withdrawn—was gone ! my soul

How could'st thou linger at his well-known call ?—

Keen stung with sorest self-reproach, I sought him,

The Church having a taste of Christ's love, is sick of love.

But found him not. Fervent in prayer I call'd him ;

But my *wrong'd* SUPPLIANT deign'd me no reply !

The pastor-guards of ZION, in my wild

And strange distraction found me. With keen taunts

1 Sam i. 9—16. (Mistaken men !) they smote, they wounded me.

Yea, the stern keepers of the hallow'd walls

Pluck'd off, suspicious, my pure virgin veil !—

I charge you, daughters of our Israel,

If HIM, my Lord, my best-belov'd ye meet,

I charge you, tell him I am sick of love.

DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL.

What is *thy* soul's belov'd, what his worth

Transcendant, O thou fairest among women ?

Say, what is thy belov'd—what *his* worth

Beyond all others', that so solemnly

Thou dost adjure us ?

THE CHURCH.

White, flush'd with ruddy grace,

A description of Christ by his graces.

Is my belov'd.—Sinless purity,
 And sin-atonement blood in mystic union,
 Mark my lov'd Lord chiefest among ten thousand.

Eph. i. 22. His head, dominion crowns, like purest gold :
 Col. i. 18.

Judges xiii. 7. His raven locks bewray almighty strength :
 xvi. 17.

His meek eyes, as with milk of kindness steep'd,
 Speak soft compassion, like the tender doves'
 That bathe in gentlest rivers : yea, pure-beam'd
 They shine, like precious jewels fitly set.

His cheeks with heav'nly beauty, varied grace,
 And smiles of sweet attraction, glow like flowers
 In prime of EDEN, or rich beds of spices :

His lips, like lilies and sweet-dropping myrrh,
 Distil pure truth, and wisdom all divine :

His bounteous hands, rich with transcendent gifts
 Of grace and glory, not bright-circling gold
 Set with the princely beryl can describe :

His sacred body like fair ivory shines
 Unstain'd, and with mild sapphires overlaid :

A description of Christ by his graces.

His legs of firm support, exceed the strength
Of pillar'd marble bas'd on purest gold :

Rev. i. 14, 16. His countenance the majesty outvies

Of stately LEBANON. And oh ! how sweet,
How passing sweet, the counsels of his lips !—
Yea, my soul's joy is altogether lovely.—
—*This, this* is my belov'd ; *this* my friend
Divine, ye daughters of our Israel.

FOREIGN BELIEVERS.

Say, O thou fairest among women ! Tell us,
Whither is thy belov'd EMMANUEL gone ?

Jer. xiv. 8. Where turn'd aside, that *we* may seek him with thee ?

The CHURCH.

To his lov'd haunt—his garden of delights,
And spicy groves, is my belov'd gone,
To feast on his rich fruits of saving grace,

Matt. xviii. 20. And gather his choice lilies.—

Jointly pledg'd,

The graces of the Church, and Christ's love towards her.

(Though I am all unworthy of his love)

My best belov'd is mine, and I am his,

In covenant endearment : yea, he feasts

1 Peter i. 22. Among his saints, heart-pure, like spotless lilies.

CHRIST.

Howe'er unworthy in thine own esteem,

Like TIRZAH'S* matchless beauty, O my love,

Is thine ; comely as our JERUSALEM ;

Yet awful in each heav'n-imparted grace

As ISRAEL'S banner'd host.

O, turn away

Thine eyes, so piercingly, intently, fix'd

On thy lov'd Lord, for they have overcome me.

Thy graceful locks of matronly discretion

GILEAD's fair goats' outshine. Thy teeth, sure test

Of heav'nly food, unflesh'd with bigot rage,

Are like the careful shepherd's folded flock,

New shorn, new wash'd, pure, even, twinn'd, and rang'd

* TIRZAH.—*Pleasant ; well-pleasing.*

A further description.

Matt. xxi. 19. In perfect symmetry. No barren grace,
 Or sullied truth are thine. Like two bright threads
 Of scarlet, glow thy lips of comely speech,
 With meekness fraught, and charity divine.
 Thy brow of peace, shaded within thy locks,
 Like the leaf-veil'd pomegranate chastely shines.

Bright queens and concubines, a carnal throng ;
 And envious virgins, all-ambitious strive

Psalm xlv. 14 To share my heart.—My dove, my undefil'd
 Is *one*—but *one*, yet far transcends them all ;
 Priz'd like a doting mother's only joy—
 Her choice one. Yea, the jealous virgin train
 Shower blessings on her, and the envious queens
 And concubines, ev'n *they* contend to praise her,
 As with admiring wonder they exclaim—

“Who, who is this, that comes like glorious
 [morn

“In all her heav'n-wrought graces : clear as the sun,
 “Fair as the moon, yet awful 'midst her charms

Of the Church, and her graces.

“AS ISRAEL’S banner’d host?”

* * * * *

With anxious care

O’er my well-cultur’d garden of choice fruits,

I gat me down, to watch the teeming vines,

John xv. 16. And rich pomegranates in their infant bud ;

When, lo ! the flourishing and healthful scene,

(The goodly progeny of grace divine,)

Caus’d my rapt soul with holy joy to bound

Like the swift chariots of AMMINADIB !*

Return, return in peace, O SHULAMITE !†

Return, return, that we may here enjoy

Divine communion. Wherefore, ye profane,

Ask ye in taunting speech, “What matchless worth

“Meets in this SHULAMITE?”—Behold with awe

Her heav’n-wrought graces, glorious in array

Gal. v. 17. Like two dread armies in the tented field.

Isaiah lii. 7.
Eph. vi. 15.

How beauteous are thy feet, O royal spouse !

* MARGIN.—*The chariots of my willing people.*

† SHULAMITE.—*Peaceable, perfect.*

A further description.

Shod to convey my embassy of peace
 To pardon'd rebels.—As on a jewell'd hinge
 Of artful structure, move thy active limbs.
 Thy body, pure, and strong for sacred service,
 Is like the full-sheav'd wheat, deck'd with fair lilies :
 Thy yearning “bowels of compassion,” like
 A circling cup, with vital vintage crown'd :

Isaiah lxvi. 11. Thy “breasts of consolation”—*they* are like

Two gentle, innocent, twin-mated roes :
 Thy neck, that firm sustains thy honour'd head,
 (Fram'd for just government, and wise designs)
 Majestic rises like an ivory tower :
 Thy sin-averted eyes are chrystal-pure
 As HEBRON'S* lucid fish-pools by the gate
 Of fam'd BATH-RABBIM. Fitly set, thy nose,
 Thy just discernment, guards each holy truth
 Like the watch-tow'r of sacred LEBANON
 Looking towards DAMASCUS. Crown'd is thy head

* HEBRON.—*Enchanting.*

Of the Church, and her graces.

With blessings, rich as CARMEL's vine-clad mount,

Isaiah xxxv. 2. Yet meekly shaded as with matron hair.

—Thy glorious KING in fix'd transport hails thee
From the state-galleries of highest heav'n.

“—How fair, how pleasant, art thou, O my love,

“For hallow'd fellowship. Thy full-fram'd stature

Eph. iv. 13. “In perfect beauty stands like the graceful palm.

“—My all-attractive spouse, I will retire

“Beneath my spreading palm-tree—there repose

“On thy pure bosom with soul-nurture fraught,

“Like the luxuriant vine: while fruits of grace

“Like spicy-fragrant apples cheer my heart:—

“Yea, like the choicest wine, so sweet distils

“Their vital essence, that, anon, they wake

“Ev'n carnal, sleep-clos'd lips, to speech divine!”

The CHURCH.

I am my best belov'd's only choice—

Psaln xlv. 11. His heart's intense desire. Come, my belov'd,

The Church professeth her faith and desire.

Let us go forth to our well-cultur'd field,

And lodge in villages of humble souls.

Let us speed early to our vine-clad vale,

And watch the teeming germs—the tender grapes,

And rich pomegranates, in their infant bud—

Exodus xxv. 22. *There* will I meet thee in abounding love.
Heb. iv. 16.

Thy virtues are like mandrakes, fam'd to yield

Gen. xxx. 14-16. A love-inviting fragrance. Yea, at the gates

Of our lov'd ZION, all my choicest fruits,

Matt. xiii. 52. The new, the old, are heap'd, my best belov'd,

For thy soul's rich and ever-varying cheer.

Heb. ii. 41, 12. O, wert thou of a *brother's* kindred mould,

Of earth-born lineage fram'd; with chaste embrace

I would salute thee, without fear'd repulse,

Or bold presumption. Yea, I would conduct

Thy willing steps to my maternal roof,

And, by a mother's kind experience taught,

Would entertain thee (glorious Guest!) with wine

Prov. ix. 2, 5. Pure-spiced from my pomegranate's richest juice.—

The mutual love of the Church and Christ.

—Thy left hand, soother of each *earthly* care,
Should pillow my droop'd head. Thy right hand, pledge
Of heav'n, should fold me in a blest embrace.

I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem,
I charge you, by the gentle roes and hindes—
By all the fond endearments that *ye* prize—
If thus he deigns to rest, wake not my Love,
Till He, O mournful hour ! *himself* withdraw.

* * * * *

CHRIST.

Who, who is this, that from the world's wide waste
Comes forth in gentle mien, and lowly guise,
Leaning on her belov'd ?—Welcome thus,
Thou treasure of my soul !—I train'd thee up

Isaiah lx. 21. (A plant of grace of mine own right hand planting,)

Beneath the shade of my choice apple tree.—
Beneath that hallow'd shade, thy first faint breath
Of Life Divine was kindled—*there*, was nurs'd
Thine infant stature with maternal care.

The vehemence of Divine Love—The calling of the Gentiles.

THE CHURCH.

O, seal me, thus endear'd upon thy heart,
And thy protecting arm ; for, my pledg'd love

Is strong as death ; and Oh ! each jealous fear
Isaiah xlix. 16. Hag. ii. 23.
2 Tim. ii. 19. Of cold desertion, cruel as the grave !—
Prov. vi. 34, 35.

How quenchless is the fire of sacred love !
How vehement its heat !—Not tempest-floods
Of trouble or temptation, that pure flame
Can quench: Yea, princely wealth, the wealth of worlds,
Pois'd in the balance with celestial love,
Weighs worthless—light as dross.

* * * * *

Our infant sister, born of *Gentile* race,
(Her breasts unfashion'd, yet, for sacred nature)
Claims our parental care.—What shall we do
To shield her from contempt, and jealous taunt
Of favour'd ISRAEL ?

CHRIST.

If she be a wall

The calling of the Gentiles, &c.

Of choice though humble structure, we will raise
 On that firm base, a palace of tried silver.
 Or, if a portal, lowly, and unfenc'd,
 We'll guard her as with cedar's time-prov'd strength.

JEWISH CHURCH.

I am a wall of more mature advance
 In faith and hope:—And my maternal bosom
 Shall be her tower of safe and kindly shelter.—
 —My Lord hath deign'd me his approving smile.

CHRIST.

Time was, when SOLOMON a vineyard rear'd
 In populous BAAL-HAMON*.—That choice field
 For culture he consign'd to steward hands;
 Each bearing to his lord his just account,
 With thousands of pure silver.

My choice vineyard
 Thrives ever by my *unassisted* care—

* BAAL-HAMON.—*A populous place.*

The Church prayeth for Christ's coming.

Thus, *self-rewarded* is *my* toil, whilst *thou*,

O SOLOMON dividedst to thyself the chiefest gain,

Rev. xxii. 12. And to thy servants an inferior share.

O thou, that dwellest in that blest retreat,

My heav'nly-planted gardens ; mine elect,

Whilst thy *companions* hearken to thy voice,

O, let *me* hear it oft, in prayer and praise.

The CHURCH.

Haste, then, to thine Espous'd, my best belov'd !—

Rev. xxii. 17, 20. Haste to thy FINAL ADVENT.—Speed like the roe,

Or bounding hart, upon our spice-crown'd hills.

“PERFECT FREEDOM:”

THE TRIUMPH OF DIVINE LOVE.

Great God, whose “saints are rul’d by love,”*

Thy humble child, henceforth, would prove

Her light, her gentle yoke :

Nor longer, to that silken band

Prefer the LAW’s austere command,

And unrelenting stroke.—

Whilst yet in *slavish* bonds I wrought,

I deem’d each act, each word, and thought,

Subjèctive, thus confin’d :

* Deut. x. 12. Romans xiii. 10.

But, ev'n with such stern zeal imbued,
 Sin, though abhorr'd, seem'd unsubdued,
 And griev'd my willing mind.*

Then rise, my soul ! nor fear to move
 Where'er the law of SACRED LOVE
 Commands thy ready wing :
 The Seraphs' freedom shall be thine—
 From the same source of LOVE DIVINE
 Thy swift obedience spring.

But oh ! how sure, how unalloy'd,
 Is *their* blest privilege ; employ'd
 By *Him* alone they love !
 No rival throne, no pow'r besides,
 The empire of *their* hearts divides,
 Nor are *they* prone to rove.

* Romans vii. 18.

Not so with me.—In deep disguise,
And borrow'd lustre of the skies,*

The TEMPTER dares command :—
Obeying thus deceiv'd, I stray ;
Believe myself in God's own way—
Conducted by His hand !

But is there no *unerring* guide
For one thus prone to turn aside

At each delusive voice ?
Yes—LOVE DIVINE :—Her sweet controul
Shall regulate my tempted soul,
And fix my wav'ring choice.

If once inspir'd on CALVARY,
That favour'd Grace shall never die,
Though oft appearing dead :

* 2 Cor. xi. 14.

And *Faith* looks forward to the day
When LOVE, her pure unrivall'd sway
Through ev'ry heart shall spread !

HYMN;

ADAPTED TO THE OPENING

OF A

PLACE FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

Let ev'ry tongue unite to sing
 The triumphs of our Saviour-King.—
 Heav'n with increasing joy resounds—
 Hell wastes with new-inflicted wounds—
 Messiah's glorious BANNER* waves
 Where Satan long confin'd his slaves ;
 And lo ! fresh vict'ries to pursue,
 He brings salvation down to *you* !

Ye wand'ring souls, whose weary feet
 Have here attain'd a blest retreat ;
 Ye heirs of grace, once far from God,
 But now restor'd through Jesus' blood ;

* SOL. SONG. ii. 14.

Ye doubting, wav'ring, tempted, tried,
Whose various wants are here supplied ;

O, speak your great Redeemer's praise,
Who thus his boundless love displays !

Thy growing empire, Lord, we hail !

Thy conq'ring arm shall yet prevail

O'er heathen lands, and climes unknown,

Till thou shalt call *the World* thine own :

Thy Heralds wait, thy people pray

To see the long-expected day,

And *JACOB'S STAR** ascending high,

Proclaims the blissful period nigh.

* NUMBERS xxiv. 17.

THE
 STRONGHOLD OF BIGOTRY;
 A VISION.

I

All studious to beguile a lonely hour,
 In sombre mood, and languidly reclin'd
 Within a twilight Alcove's fragrant bower,
Albion's HISTORIC MUSE engag'd my mind
 On blood-stain'd MARY's reign—fierce fiend of
 [woman-kind.*]

II.

The stilly murmur of declining eve,
 Sleep's gentle music, lull'd me to repose:
 But Fancy strange *realities* did weave
 Of that most baleful Record, as arose
 The vivid, stern array, of hideous crimes and woes!

* It is a historical fact, that Mary, in the course of 5 years, sanctioned the burning to death of 5 aged prelates, 55 *women*, and 4 *children*, and between 2 and 300 of the clergy and laity.

III.

Pain'd at my very heart beyond endure,
 Methought I fled from the distressful scene
 To a dim-border'd grove, that might ensure
 For meditative mood an ample skreen,
 Where no distracting sight, or sound, might intervene.

IV.

Anon, a rev'rend form approach'd the glade—
 The grave HISTORIAN's self.—With beaming eye
 Still on a pond'rous volume, wide display'd,
 He por'd profound. “HISTORIC VERITY”
 Was nam'd that Record, which Time's canker did defy.

V.

Eager for such clear light as might illumè
 The origin of priestly-tyrant sway,
 I press'd close converse on that theme of gloom—
 (Secure from jealous ears, that might affray
 Our free speech from such dark and perilous essay.)

VI.

Of saintly arrogance the curs'd career ;

Of shackles forg'd to slave the' immortal soul ;

Dupes, sunk in grov'ling ignorance and fear,

Brutely submissive to usurp'd controul ;

We spake, while swift, unmark'd, the fleeting moments
[stole.

VII.

Anon, the' *Historian* more impassion'd grew ;

His fervour with poetic fire did vie ;

As themes of darker dole he 'gan pursue ;—

And when he nam'd (whilst fiercely flash'd his eye)

The CASTELLATED *Lair* of savage BIGOTRY,

VIII.

I crav'd description of that loathsome den,

Its hidious orgies, (scenes that might appal

The waking sense, I'd fain explore,) and then

Would brave the presence (perilous withal !)

Of its ARCH-FIEND—the Ward of each devoted thrall.

IX.

Close neighb'ring our colloquial retreat,
An ancient Abbey frown'd in Gothic gloom :
A ruin'd shaft *now* form'd our social seat,
And here my courteous *Mentor* deign'd resume
His lively-pictur'd lore, that did each theme illumine.

X.

"In a once populous and ample plain,
 "By ancient History and in early Song
 "Renown'd as *Eden's* primitive domain,
 "Curs'd BIGOTRY by violence and wrong
 "Now reigns, and holds his DEN.—Not Hell's grim Keep
 [more strong

XL.

“But oh ! how chang’d !—The lovely clime erewhile
 “Unvex’d by Storm, or ghastly Famine’s blight,
 “No longer basks ’neath Heav’n’s perennial smile,
 “But fitful rage of Heat and Cold doth smite
 “The soil ; and sickly Day sinks to tempestuous Night.

XII.

“And where luxuriant Harvest wout to spread

“For ev’ry thankful wight his vital cheer,

“Now, weedy tilth by noxious vapours fed,

“The niggard waste besprinkling scant and sear,

“Scarce living thing supplies throughout the famish’d
[year!

XIII.

“Hard by the girding moat, a forest grim

“Of blasted yew, in sable horror stands :

“Sulphureous mountains all the air bedim :

“Or, from their cavern’d gorge fierce flame expands

“In torrent-fire, that whelms those curse-devoted lands.

XIV.

“And ’midst those deadly haunts, are frequent trace

“Of *penal* flames, once fed with human prey ;

“Which no redceming culture might efface :—

“And still is held in merciless delay

“Each fated thrall, that waits *his* surely doom’d day !

XV.

"But oh ! the terror of those raging fires

"*New*-kindled here and there, whose surging smoke

"Betrays some *Moloch*-victim thence expires!

"While mingling shrieks and prayers full oft bespoke

"A *Martyr*-spirit *thus* from earth's loath'd bondage
[broke.

XVI.

"The savage mountain-echoes mock'd their wail ;

"The gloomy *Castle*-walls each taunt prolong

"With hideous yell : and oft the tainted gale

"In gusty mirth raves a funereal song,

"As fitfully it sports those gorged pyres among."—

XVII.

—So painful on my harrow'd fancy press'd

Each sanguinary picture, that, methought,

For ease to the keen tumult of my breast,

Of my sage *Chronicler* brief pause I sought

On social *converse*, less with *graphic* horrors fraught.

* * * * *

XVIII.

—Anon, we track'd the persecuting race
 From fratricidal CAIN, that primest spawn
 Of Hell; whose taint no judgment could efface—
 Not ev'n the penal DELUGE:—nor, till dawn
 Of *Universal* LOVE, that curse shall be withdrawn!

XIX.

—Bewild'ring *Controversy's* endless field
 We shunn'd:—Hotbed of bigotry and hate!
 Nor *Traditionary* lore appeal'd—
 But *Revelation's* marvels, with sedate
 And holy awe, our pow'rs we set to contemplate.—

XX.

—The wondrous grace that snatch'd the first frail man
 From *everlasting* ruin by his fall!—
 That in *lost* EDEN drew the *Gospel* plan,
 Ev'n while Heav'n's righteous sentence did appr
 The rebel, as he stood, sin's miserable thrall!

XXI.

—O, lovely pattern ! O, benignant rule
 Of charity, from erring man to man !—
 Thus early tutor'd in the *Gospel* school,
 Strange his delight each spark of strife to fan,
 And on his brother dare denounce the bigot-ban !

XXII.

—Nor shunn'd we that deep myst'ry to explore,
 Exterminated *Canaan's* godless brood
 By *Israel's* fated hand.—The sword *they* bore
 Of GOD ALL-JUST : The INFINITELY GOOD :
 And woe to *them*, had *they* His dire command withstood !

XXIII.

—For, not to satiate a bigot rage
 Those heav'n-devoted victims they assail'd ;—
 That ruthless war reluctantly *they* wage :
 Oft, unbelieving fears their courage quail'd,
 And, but for *aid Divine*, each enterprize had fail'd !

XXIV.

—O, dreadful lesson to the rebel race
Of *Israel*, Executioners thus made
Of heav'n's fierce wrath for sin !—'Tis hence we trace
Their Sovreign's laws in anywise obey'd,
Lest *they* to *kindred* sins, and *wrath*, should be betray'd.

XXV.

—Yet, seeds of hateful prejudice, deep sown,
Unfold anon, in *Pharisaic* pride:—
The loath'd *Samaritan* they shunn'd to own
Brother or Neighbour!—Yea, would slink aside
From the lorn wretch, though he from such neglect had
[died!—

XXVI.

—Thence trac'd we that demoniac hate they wreak
Against their lowly KING, the' INCARNATE GOD :
Though *them*, his *Israel* lost, He came to seek,
And save !—But under foot they basely trod
His proffer'd *Grace*, and thus drew down His vengeful
trod.

XXVIII.

XXIX.

“The *region*,” quoth my ever-courteous Friend,
 “Where the vile *Pest* his STRONGHOLD hath
 [secur’d,
 “Faithful I pictur’d ere we did suspend
 “The dreary theme which thou hadst scarce endur’d:
 “Now, list *his dolorous Den*, and *Subjects there immur’d*.

XXX.

“That Castellated Lair, of range immense,

“At various periodic times was rear’d :—

“Each elder barrier, ’spite of stern defence,

“Time’s ever-crumbling fingers have not spar’d,

“Yet still those ruins stand, in hope to be repair’d !

XXXI.

“The sounder bastions, fram’d in later days,

“On their dark portals bear each noted name

“Of sotted Zealots, whose degraded praise

“Was, ‘ *Wide and firm extent of bigot-fame*

“*Andrule:*’ but, chief is blaz’d MARIA’s ruthless claim !

XXXII.

“One jealous, solitary bridge, updrawn,

“(Save for some prest occasion it expands

“Thwart the wide moat) the KEEP which oft doth yawn

“For prey, with frowning vigilance commands,

“And there, an arm’d host each threaten’d seige with-
[stands.

XXXIII.

"'Twas long" (said my kind *Mentor*) "ere I bore

"Warrant of entrance for my dread assay

"The CASTLE's rueful secrets to explore :—

"Till SHIBBOLETH, the watch-word of the day,

"I learn'd, and, pilgrim-clad, pursu'd my easy way.

XXXIV.

"Instant, with thund'ring clang, and earthquake shock,

"The pond'rous iron portals clos'd on me ;—

"Long, frightful echoes, the dank aisles did rock ;

"While through th'intricate wards, with savage glee

"Rag'd the dire din of that infernal minstrelsy !

XXXV.

"Heav'ns cheerful day ne'er pierc'd the quenching
[gloom,

"But dull, scant, flickering tapers, dimly sprent,

"My steps did rather baffle than illumine,

"As through the wildering maze my course I bent,

"And more intensely serv'd each horror to augment.

XXXVI.

"Thus blindly passing many a cloister'd cell,
 "Whence 'sighs and groans of miserable men'
 "Doled forth, oft mingled with fanatic yell;
 "A close-cowl'd Monk saluted me, and then
 "Unbarr'd a lordly Hall to my astonish'd ken.

XXXVII.

("The Guide, by my fraternal garb deceiv'd,
 "Announc'd '*A Convocation*' near at hand—
 "Woe worth the day! had he not thus believ'd
 "My false pretence to join that bigot band—
 "My swift destruction, else, he had full surely plann'd.)

XXXVIII.

"First on my fix'd amaze, at farthest bound
 "Of that vast chamber tow'rd the magic *East*,
 "A gorgeous throne, fenc'd jealousy around,
 "(Fit ev'n to shrine the' APOCALYPTIC BEAST,)
 "*My* fervid gaze well nigh to shuddering awe increas'd!

XXXIX.

“On either side that heav’n-insulting pile,

“Two huge, devoted tapers ever blaz’d,

“Which no unhallow’d tendence might defile :—

“A BIBLE, *seal’d*, (whose truths too keenly daz’d,)

“Beneath the throne was spurn’d, and “HOLY,” quite
[eraz’d !

XL.

“Around that spacious hall, in stern array,

“Each statue, picture, bust, was densely throng’d

“Of Zealots there inurn’d, who spread the sway

“Of Bigot-tyranny, that foully wrong’d

“Truth, Justice, Love, and thus each curs’d fraud
[prolong’d.

XLI.

“Here, *Bonner*, ‘blithe as shepherd at a wake,’

“In stone still gloated on his victim’s doom ;

“While *Gard’ner*, ling’ring at the fiery stake,

“Seem’d fondly glozing, with malignant gloom,

“The while each deep-loath’d saint, slow studied pangs
[consume !

XLII.

“There, stood that *ATHEIST-Bigot*, gay *Voltaire*—

“As ’gainst the *CROSS* his bitter sneer seem’d bent;

“When erst with hellish rancour he would swear

“Nought but the ’uprooted *Faith* should him content:

“And, ‘*CRUSH THE WRETCH!*’ those lips accurs’d still
[seem’d to vent !

XLIII.

“And now, a throng of eager *Devotees*,

“Prompt at loud summons of a sullen bell,

“To *Convocation* press’d, like clustering bees :

“But oh ! what tongue of earthly pow’r, can spell

“The motly groups conven’d that abject host to swell !

XLIV.

“Here the dark *Papist*, the malignant *Jew* ;

“*Mahòmet’s* sanguinary dupes ; the base

“Thick-veil’d *Chinese* ; the soft, impure *Hindoo* ;

“Albion’s *High-Church Adorers* ; the stern race

“Of *Nonconform’d*, too prone to vent harsh zeal for
[grace.—

XLV.

“—Some, from each pagan region under heav’n ;
 “Some, from each land illum’d with Truth Divine ;
 “Though loathing each his neighbour’s bitter leav’n ;
 “Though adamant bonds each pent up soul confine ;
 “Their *mutual* homage pay before that bigot-shrine !

XLVI.

“And now came forth in sternly-bloated state,
 “The dread ARCH-ANARCH ; their tremendous Lord :
 “With self-inflated dignity elate,
 “His gorgeous throne he mounted, where, at word
 “Or silent signal giv’n, he sate to be ador’d !

XLVII.

“His batter’d visage told of *patriarch* age,
 “Yet not one *venerable* trace was there!—
 “His forehead, like a sea in tempest-rage,
 “Harsh, scowling wrinkles, never calm’d, did wear,
 “And halcyon *Peace* and *Love* from that storm’d front
 [did scare !

XLVIII.

"Beneath his beetling brows, in fitful glance
 "Like flint-struck sparks, two microscopic eyes,
 "Now, darted fierce ; now, jealous leer'd askance,
 "Portentous—as, with menacing surprize
 "Malignant meteors shoot athwart perturb'd skies.

XLIX.

"His cheeks, the share of delving *Time* had wrought
 "In rigid furrows complicate and deep :
 "Which never with one kindly smile were fraught ;
 "But passion there, convuls'd and flush'd, did keep
 "Wild revel, save when laps'd in momentary sleep !

L.

"And oh ! those lips of cruelty and pride,
 "The very portals seem'd of *Death* and *Hell*!—
 "A stunt, grim, grizly beard, (too scant to hide
 "The horrid gulph it fenc'd,) increas'd his fell
 "And loathsome mien beyond the *Muse's* art to tell.

LI.

“His monster-bulk was wrapp’d in motley guise :

“On his craz’d head a triple crown he wore :

“His right hand grasp’d a book of frauds and lies—

“(His realm’s sworn code,) and in his left, he bore

“A death-wand, snake-entwin’d ; full gorg’d, as seem’d,
[with gore.

LII.

“On this tremendous *Idol*” (quoth my Friend)

“The throng’d assemblage bent their ardent gaze ;

“Which rous’d my prompt conjecture to portend

“A stern harangue ;—when, to my wild amaze,

“A scene ensued, some imp of Hell alone could raise :—

LIII.

“For, lo ! at signal of his hand high wav’d,

“The medley-mingled concourse, frenzy-driv’n,

“Press’d eager tow’rd the throne, and yell’d, and rav’d :

“And happiest, who their fellows had outstriv’n,

“As, nearest to that shrine, they deem’d were nearest
[heav’n !

LIV.

“Then, all at once their impious homage paid,

“Erect, prone, kneeling—as each mode did sway:—

“From this disgusting mummary (self-betray’d,)

“Scornful I turn’d:—All uproar, rage, dismay,

“The throng now rush’d; and *me* to torture dragg’d
[away!”—

LV.

[—At these appalling words, my fancy view’d

On the strain’d rack each tenderest fibre broke:

Whilst my rever’d *Narrator* firm withstood

Each furious test;—whereat, from painful yoke

Of wizard sleep releas’d, upstarting I awoke.]



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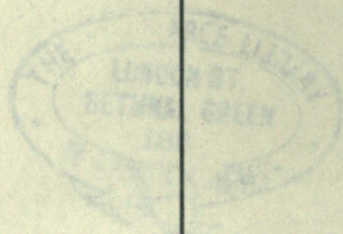
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